

6
H I G H L I F E

B E L O W S T A I R S .

A

F A R C E

O F

T W O A C T S .

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in Drury-Lane.

O imitatores, Servum pecus.

HOR.

B E L F A S T :

Printed by and for JAMES MAGEE, at the Bible
and Crown, in Bridge-Street,

M,DCC,LXVII.



Dramatis Personæ.

LOVEL, <i>a young West-Indian of Fortune.</i>	}	Mr. OBRIEN.
FREEMAN, <i>his Friend,</i>		Mr. PACKER.
PHILIP,	} <i>Servants to</i>	Mr. YATES.
TOM,		Mr. MOZEEN.
COACHMAN,		Mr. CLOUGH.
KINGSTON, <i>a Black,</i>		Mr. MOODY.
KITTY,		Mrs. CLIVE.
COOK,		Mrs. BRADSHAW.
CLOE, <i>a Black,</i>		Mrs. SMITH.
DUKE'S Ser-	} <i>Visitors.</i>	Mr. PALMER.
vant,		Mr. KING.
SIR HARRY'S		Miss HIPDISLEY.
<i>Servants,</i>		Mrs. BENNET.
LADY BAB'S		Mr. ACKMAN.
<i>Maid,</i>		Mr. ATKINS.
LADY CHAR-		
LOTTE'S		
<i>Maid,</i>		
ROBERT, <i>Servant to Freeman,</i>		
FIDLER,		

SCENE, *London.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT was a real Desire to do good, among a very large and useful Body of People, that gave Rise to this little Piece. The Author thought the Stage, where the Bad might be disgrac'd, and the Good rewarded, the most ready and effectual Method for this Purpose: And, as he never wrote before in the Dramatic Way, and was unwilling to be known, he was happy in recommending the Performance, by the Assistance of a Friend, to the Care and Judgment of Mr. GARRICK.

Nov. 5, 1759.



H I G H L I F E

B E L O W S T A I R S .

A C T I .

SCENE, *An Apartment in Freeman's House.*

Freeman and Lovel, entering.

Free. A Country Boy! ha, ha, ha. How long has this Scheme been in your Head?

Lov. Some Time—I am now convinc'd of what you have often been hinting to me, that I am confoundedly cheated by my Servants.

Free. Oh! are you satisfied at last, Mr. *Lovel*? I always told you, that there is not a worse Set of Servants in the Parish of St. *James's*, than in your Kitchen.

Lov. 'Tis with some Difficulty I believe it now, Mr. *Freeman*; tho', I must own, my Expences often make me stare—*Philip*, I am sure, is an honest Fellow; and I will swear for my Black:—If there is a Rogue among my Folks, it is that surly Dog *Tom*.

Free. You are mistaken in every one. *Philip* is an hypocritical Rascal: *Tom* has a good deal of surly Honesty about him: and for your Blacks, they are as bad as your Whites.

A 2

Lov.

Low. Prithee, *Freeman*, how came you to be so well acquainted with my People? None of the Wenches are handsome enough to move the Affections of a middle-aged Gentleman as you are. Ha, ha, ha.

Free. You are a young Man, Mr. *Lovel*, and take a Pride in a Number of idle, unnecessary Servants who are the Plague and Reproach of this Kingdom

Low. *Charles*, you are an old-fashion'd Fellow. Servants a Plague and Reproach! ha, ha, ha. I would have forty more, if my House would hold them. Why, Man, in *Jamaica*, before I was ten Years old, I had an hundred Blacks kissing my Feet every Day.

Free. You Gentry of the Western Isles are high mettled ones, and love Pomp and Parade—I have seen it delight your Soul, when the People in the Street have stared at your Equipage; especially if they whispered loud enough to be heard, “That is ‘Squire *Lovel*, the “great *West Indian*.” Ha, ha, ha.

Low. I should be very sorry if we were as splenetic as you Northern Islanders, who are devoured with Melancholy and Fog. Ha, ha, ha. No, Sir, we are Children of the Sun, and are born to diffuse the bounteous Favours which our noble Parent is pleased to bestow on us.

Free. I wish you had more of your noble Parent's Regularity, and less of his Fire. As it is, you consume so fast, that not one in twenty of you live to be fifty Years old.

Low. But in that fifty we live two hundred, my Dear; mark that—But to Business—I am resolv'd upon my Frolick—I will know whether my Servants are Rogues or not. If they are, I'll bastinado the Rascals; if not, I think I ought to pay for my Impertinence—Pray tell me; is not your *Robert* acquainted with my People? Perhaps he may give a little Light into the thing.

Free. To tell you the Truth, Mr. *Lovel*, your Servants are so abandoned, that I have forbid him your House—However, if you have a Mind to ask him any Question, he shall be forth coming.

Low. Let us have him.

Free. You shall; but it is an hundred to one if you get

get any thing out of him; for, though he is a very honest Fellow, yet he is so much of a Servant, that he'll never tell any thing to the Disadvantage of another—Who waits? [*Enter Servant*] Send *Robert* to me—[*Exit Servant*] And what was it determined you upon this Project at last?

Low. 'This Letter. It is an anonymous one, and so ought not to be regarded; but it has something honest in it, and put me upon satisfying my Curiosity. Read it.

[*Gives the Letter.*

Free. I should know something of this Hand—[*Reads.*

To Peregrine Lovel, Esq.

“ Please your Honour,

“ I take the Liberty to acquaint your Honour, that
“ you are sadly cheated by your Servants.--Your Honour
“ will find it as I say.—I am not willing to be known,
“ whereof if I am, it may bring one into Trouble.

“ So no more, from your Honour's

“ Servant to command.”

—Old and honest! Well—and now what are the Steps you intend to take?

[*Returns the Letter.*

Low. I shall immediately apply to my Friend the Manager for a Disguise—Under the Form of a gawky Country Boy, I will be an Eye-witness of my Servants Behaviour—you must assist me, Mr. *Freeman*.

Free. As how, Mr. *Lovel*?

Low. My Plan is this—I gave it out, that I was going to my Borough in *Devonshire*, and yesterday set out with a Servant in great Form, and lay at *Basingstoke*.—

Free. Well?—

Low. I order'd the Fellow to make the best of his Way down into the Country, and told him that I would follow him; instead of that, I turn'd back, and am just come to Town: *Ecce Signum?* [*Pointing to his Boots.*

Free. It is now one o'Clock.

Low. This very Afternoon I shall pay my People a Visit.

Free. How will you get in?

Lov. When I am properly habited, you shall get me introduced to *Philip* as one of your Tenant's Sons, who wants to be made a good Servant of.

Free. They will certainly discover you.

Lov. Never fear, I will be so countryfy'd that you shall not know me.—As they are thoroughly persuaded I am many miles off, they'll be more easily imposed on. Ten to one but they begin to celebrate my Departure with a drinking Bout, if they are what you describe them.—

Free. Shall you be able to play your part?

Lov. I am surprized, Mr. *Freeman*, that you, who have known me from my Infancy, should not remember my Abilities in that Way. But you old Fellows have short Memories.

Free. What should I remember?

Lov. How I played *Daniel* in the *Conscious Lovers* at School, and afterwards arrived at the distinguished Character of the mighty Mr. *Scrub*—— [Mimicking.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha! That is very well.—Enough.—Here is *Robert*.

Enter Robert.

Rob. Your Honour order d me to wait on you.

Free. Yes, *Robert*——*Robert*?

Rob. Sir.——

Free. Come here—You know, *Robert*, I have a good Opinion of your Integrity.——

Rob. I have always endeavour'd that your Honour should.

Free. Pray have you not some Acquaintance among Mr. *Lovel's* People?

Rob. A little, please your Honour.

Free. How do they behave?—We have no body but Friends—you may speak out.

Lov. Aye, *Robert*, speak out.

Rob. I hope your Honours will not insist on my saying any Thing in an Affair of this Kind.

Lov. Oh, but we do insist—If you know any Thing—

Rob. Sir, I am but a Servant myself, and it would not become me to speak ill of a Brother Servant.

Free.

Free. Psha! This is false Honesty—speak out.

Rob. Don't oblige me, good Sir.—Consider, Sir, a Servant's Bread depends upon his *Carackter*.

Low. But if a Servant uses me ill——

Rob. Alas! Sir, what is one Man's Poison is another Man's Meat.

Free. You see how they trim for one another.

Rob. Service, Sir, is no Inheritance —A Servant that is not approved in one Place, may give Satisfaction in another. Every Body must live, your Honour.

Low. *Robert*, I like your Heartiness, as well as your Caution; but in my Case, it is necessary that I should know the Truth.

Rob. The Truth, Sir, is not to be spoken at all Times, it may bring one into Trouble, whereof if——

Free. (*Musing*) “Whereof if”—Pray, Mr. *Lovel*; let me see that Letter again [*Lovel gives the Letter.*] —Aye—it must be so—*Robert!*

Rob. Sir.

Free. Do you know any Thing of this Letter?

Rob. Letter, your Honour?

Free. Yes, Letter.

Rob. I have seen the hand before.

Low. He blushes.

Free. I ask you, if you were concern'd in writing this Letter.—You never told me a Lie yet, and I expect the Truth from you now.

Rob. Pray your Honour, don't ask me.

Free. Did you write it?—answer me ——

Rob. I cannot deny it? [*Bowing.*]

Low. What induced you to it?

Rob. I will tell Truth —I have seen such Waste and Extravagance, and Riot, and Drunkenness in your Kitchen, Sir, that, as my Master's Friend, I could not help discovering it to you.

Low. Go on.

Rob. I am sorry to say it to your Honour; but your Honour is not only imposed on, but laughed at by all your Servants; especially by *Philip*, who is a—— very bad Man.

Low.

Low. *Philip?* An ungrateful Dog!—Well?

Rob. I could not presume to speak to your Honour, and therefore I resolved, though but a poor Scribe, to write your Honour a Letter.

Low. *Robert*, I am greatly indebted to you.—Here—
[*Offers Money.*]

Rob. On any other Account than this I should be proud to receive your Honour's Bounty, but now I beg to be excused——
[*Refuses the Money.*]

Low. Thou hast a noble Heart, *Robert*, and I'll not forget you.—*Freeman*, he must be in the Secret.—Wait your Master's Orders——

Rob. I will, your Honour. [Exit.]

Free. Well, Sir, are you convinced now?

Low. Convinced? yes; and I'll be among the Scoundrels before Night—You or *Robert* must contrive some Way or other to get me introduc'd to *Philip*, as one of your Cottager's Boys out of *Essex*.

Free. Ha, ha, ha! you'll make a fine Figure.

Low. They shall make a fine Figure.—It must be done this Afternoon; walk with me across the Park, and I'll tell you the whole.—My Name shall be *Jemmy*—And I am come to be a Gentleman's Servant—and will do my best, and hope to get a good *Carackter*. [Mimicking.]

Free. But what will you do if you find them Rascals?

Low. Discover myself, and blow them all to the Devil—Come along.——

Free. Ha, ha, ha!—Bravo—*Jemmy*—Bravo, ha, ha!
[Exeunt.]

S C E N E, *The Park.*

Duke's Serv. What Wretches are ordinary Servants that go on in the same vulgar Track ev'ry Day! Eating, working, and sleeping!—But we, who have the Honour to serve the Nobility, are of another Species. We are above the common Forms, have Servants to wait upon us, and are as lazy and luxurious as our Masters.—
Ha!—My dear Sir *Harry*!——

(Enter

(Enter Sir Harry's Servant.)

—How have you done the'te thousand Years?

Sir Har. My Lord Duke!—your Grace's most obedient Servant.

Duke. Well, Baronet, and where have you been?

Sir Har. At *Newmarket*, my Lord——We have had dev'lish fine Sport.

Duke. And a good Appearance I hear.—Pox take it, I should have been there, but our old Duchefs died, and we were obliged to keep House, for the Decency of the Thing.

Sir Har. I picked up fifteen Pieces.

Duke. Psha! a Trifle!

Sir Har. The Viscount's People have been bloodily taken in this Meeting.

Duke. Credit me, Baronet, they know nothing of the Turf.

Sir Har. I assure you, my Lord, they lost every Match; for *Crab* was beat hollow, *Careless* threw his Rider, and *Miss Slammerkin* had the Distemper.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha! I'm glad on't—Taste this Snuff, Sir Harry. [Offers his Box.

Sir Har. 'Tis good Rappee.

Duke. Right *Strasburg*, I assure you, and of my own importing,

Sir Har. Aye?

Duke. The City People adulterate it so confoundedly, that I always import my own Snuff.—I wish my Lord would do the same: but he is so indolent.—When did you see the Girls? I saw Lady *Bab* this Morning; but, 'fore Gad, whether it be Love or Reading, she looked as pale as a Penitent.

Sir Har. I have just had this Card from *Lovel's* People—(Reads) “*Philip* and Mrs. *Kitty* present their Compliments to Sir Harry, and desire the Honour of his Company this Evening, to be of a smart Party, and to eat a Bit of Supper.”

Duke. I have the same Invitation——Their Master, it seems, is gone to his Borough.

Sir Har. You'll be with us, my Lord?——*Philip's* a Blood.—— Duke.

Duke. A Buck of the first Head ; I'll tell you a secret, he's going to be married.

Sir Har. To whom ?

Duke. To Kitty.

Sir Har. No !

Duke. Yes he is ; and I intend to cuckold him.

Sir Har. Then we may depend upon your Grace for certain. Ha, ha, ha !

Duke. If our House breaks up in a tolerable Time, I'll be with you —Have you any Thing for us ?

Sir Har. Yes, a little Bit of Poetry—I must be at the *Cocoa-tree* myself till Eight.

Duke. Heigho'—I am quite out of Spirits—I had a damn'd Debauch last Night, Baronet.—Lord *Francis*, *Bob* the Bishop, and I tipt off four Bottles of *Burgundy* a piece—Ha ! there are two fine Girls coming, Faith—Lady *Bab*—aye, and Lady *Charlotte*.——

(*Takes out his Glass.*)

Sir Har. We'll not join them.

Duke. Oh, yes—*Bab* is a fine Wench, notwithstanding her Complexion ; though I should be glad she would keep her Teeth cleaner—Your *English* Women are damn'd negligent about their Teeth.—How is your *Charlotte* in that Particular ?

Sir Har. My *Charlotte* ?

Duke. Aye, the World says, you are to have her.

Sir Har. I own I did keep her Company ; but we are off, my Lord.

Duke. How so ?

Sir Har. Between you and me, she has a plaguy thick Pair of Legs.

Duke. Oh, damn it—that's insufferable.

Sir Har. Besides, she is a Fool, and miss'd her Opportunity with the old Countess.

Duke. I am afraid, Baronet, you love Money.—Rot it, I never save a Shilling—Indeed I am sure of a Place in the Excise—Lady *Charlotte* is to be of the Party to Night ; how do you manage that ?

Sir Har. Why, we do meet at a third Place, are very civil, and look queer, and laugh, and abuse one another, and all that.

Duke.

Duke. Alamode, ha!—Here they are.

Sir Har. Let us retire.

[*They retire.*]

Enter Lady Bab's Maid and Lady Charlotte's Maid.

Lady Bab. Oh! fie! *Lady Charlotte*, you are quite indelicate! I'm sorry for your taste.

Lady Charl. Well, I say it again, I love *Vaux Hall*.

Lady Bab. O my Stars! Why, there is no body there but filthy Citizens.

Lady Charl. We were in Hopes the raising the Price would have kept them out, ha, ha, ha.

Lady Bab. Ha, ha, ha.—*Runelow* for my Money.

Lady Charl. Now you talk of *Runelow*, when did you see the Colonel, *Lady Bab.*?

Lady Bab. The Colonel! I hate the fellow.—He had the Assurance to talk of a Creature in *Gloucestershire* before my Face.

Lady Charl. He is a pretty Man for all that—Soldiers you know, have their Mistresses every where.

Lady Bab. I despise him—How goes on your Affair with the Baronet?

Lady Charl. The Baronet is a stupid Wretch, and I shall have nothing to say to him—You are to be at *Lovel's* to-night, *Lady Bab.*?

Lady Bab. Unless I alter my Mind—I don't admire visiting these Commoners, *Lady Charlotte.*

Lady Charl. Oh, but Mrs. *Kitty* has Taste.

Lady Bab. She affects it.

Lady Charl. The Duke is fond of her, and he has Judgment.

Lady Bab. The Duke might shew his Judgment much better. (*Holding up her Head.*)

Lady Charl. There he is, and the Baronet too—Take no notice of them—We'll rally them by and by.

Lady Bab. Dull Souls! Let us set up a loud Laugh and leave 'em.

Lady Charl. Ay;—Let us be gone; for the common People do so stare at us—We shall certainly be mobb'd.

Bob. Ha, ha, ha.—Ha, ha, ha. [*Exeunt.*]

Duke and Sir Harry come forward.

Sir

Duke. They certainly saw us, and are gone off laughing at us—I must follow——

Sir Har. No, no.

Duke. I must,—I must have a Party of Raillery with them, a bon mot or so.—*Sir Harry*, you'll excuse me,—Adieu, I'll be with you in the Evening, if possible; though, hark ye, there is a Bill depending in our House, which the Ministry make a Point of our attending; and so, you know, Mum! we must mind the Stops of the Great Fiddle.—Adieu. [Exit.]

Sir Har. What a Coxcomb this is! and the Fellow can't read. It was but the other Day that he was Cow-boy in the country, then was bound 'Prentice to a Perriwig-maker, got into my Lord Duke's Family, and now sets up for a fine Gentleman. *O Temporal! O Mores!*
Re-enter Duke's Servant.

Duke. *Sir Harry*, prithee what are we to do at *Lowel's* when we come there?

Sir Har. We shall have the Fiddles, I suppose.

Duke. The Fiddles! I have done with Dancing ever since the last fit of the Gout. I'll tell you what, my dear Boy, I positively cannot be with them, unless we have a little—— [Makes a Motion as if with the Dice-box.]

Sir Har. Fie, my Lord Duke.

Duke. Look ye, Baronet, I insist on it.—Who the Devil of any Fashion, can possibly spend an Evening without it?—But I shall lose the Girls.—How grave you look, ha, ha, ha—Well, let there be Fiddles!

Sir Har. But, my dear Lord, I shall be quite miserable without you.——

Duke. Well, I won't be particular, I'll do as the rest do.—Tol, lol, lol. [Exit, singing and dancing.]

Sir H A R R Y, solus.

He had the Assurance, last Winter, to court a Tradesman's Daughter in the City, with Two Thousand Pounds to her Fortune,——and got me to write his Love-letters. He pretended to be an Ensign in a marching Regiment; so wheedled the old Folks into Consent, and would have carried the Girl off, but was unluckily prevented by the Washerwoman, who happened to be his first Cousin. (Enter

(Enter Philip.)

—Mr. Philip, your Servant.

Phil. You are welcome to *England*, Sir Harry; I hope you received the Card, and will do us the Honour of your Company.—My Master is gone into *Devonshire*—We'll have a roaring Night.

Sir Har. I'll certainly wait on you.

Phil. The Girls will be with us.

Sir Har. Is this a Wedding Supper, *Philip*?

Phi. What do you mean, Sir Harry?

Sir Harry. The Duke tells me so.

Phi. The Duke is a Fool.

Sir Har. Take Care what you say; his Grace is a Bruiser.

Phi. I am a Pupil of the same Academy, and not afraid of him, I assure you: Sir Harry, we'll have a noble Batch—I have such Wine for you!

Sir Har. I am your Man, *Phil.*

Phi. Egad the Cellar shall bleed: I have some *Burgundy* that is fit for an Emperor—My Master would have given his Ears for some of it t'other Day, to treat my Lord What-d'ye-call him with; but I told him it was all gone; ha! Charity begins at home, ha!—Odso, here is Mr *Freeman*, my Master's intimate Friend; he is a dry one.—Don't let us be seen together—He'll suspect something.

Sir Har. I am gone.

Phi. Away, away—Remember, *Burgundy* is the Word.

Sir Har. Right—Long Corks! ha, *Phil*? [*Mimicks the drawing of a Cork.*]—Your's. [*Exit.*]

Phi. Now for a Cast of my Office—A Starch Phiz, a canting Phrase, and as many Lies as necessary—Hem!

Enter Freeman.

Free. O! *Philip*—How do you do, *Philip*?—You have lost your Master, I find.

Phi. It is a Loss indeed, Sir—So good a Gentleman!—He must be nearly got into *Devonshire* by this Time—Sir, your Servant.

[*Going.*
Free.]

Free. Why in such a Hurry, *Philip*?

Pbi. I shall leave the House as little as possible, now his Honour is away.

Free. You are in the right, *Philip*.

Pbi. Servants at such Times are too apt to be negligent and extravagant, Sir.

Free. True; the Master's Absence is the Time to try a good Servant in.

Pbi. It is so, Sir: Sir, your Servant. [Going.]

Free. Oh! Mr. *Philip*—pray stay—you must do me a piece of Service.

Pbi. You command me, Sir—— [Bows.]

Free. I look upon you, *Philip*, as one of the best behaved, most sensible, completest [Philip bows] Rationals in the World. [Aside.]

Pbi. Your Honour is pleased to compliment.

Free. There is a Tenant of mine in *Essex*, a very honest Man——Poor Fellow, he has a great Number of Children; and they have sent me one of 'em; a tall gawkie Boy, to make a Servant of; but my Folks say they can do nothing with him.

Pbi. Let me have him, Sir.

Free. In Truth, he is an unlick'd Cub.

Phil. I will lick him into something. I warrant you, Sir——Now my Master is absent, I shall have a good deal of Time upon my Hands; and I hate to be idle, Sir: in two Months I'll engage to finish him.

Free. I don't doubt it. [Aside.]

Pbi. Sir, I have Twenty Pupils in the Parish of St. *James's*; and for a Table, or a Side-board, or behind an Equipage, or in the Delivery of a Message, or any thing——

Free. What have you for Entrance?

Pbi. I always leave it to Gentlemen's Generosity.

Free. Here is a Guinea——I beg he may be taken Care of.

Pbi. That he shall, I promise you [Aside.] Your Honour knows me.

Free. Thoroughly. [Aside.]

Pbi. When can I see him, Sir?

Free.

Free. Now directly—call at my House, and take him in your Hand.

Pbi. Sir, I will be with you in a Minute—I will but step into the Market, to let the Tradesmen know they must not trust any of our Servants, now they are at Board wages.—Humph!

Free. How happy is Mr. *Lovel* in so excellent a Servant! [Exit.

Pbi. Ha, ha, ha! This is one of my Master's prudent Friends, who dines with him three times a Week, and thinks he is mighty generous in giving me five Guineas at *Christmas*—Damn all such sneaking Scoundrels, I say.

SCENE, *The Servants Hall in Lovel's House.*

Kingston and Coachman, drunk and sleepy.

[Knocking at the Door.

Kingsf. Some body knocks—Coachy, go—go to the Door, Coachy.—

Coach. I'll not go—do you go—you black Dog.

Kingsf. Devil shall fetch me, if I go. [Knocking.

Coach. Why then let 'em stay—I'll not go—Damme—Aye, knock the Door down, and let yo self in [Knocking.

Kingsf. Ay, ay, knock again—knock again—

Coach. Master is gone into *Devonshire*—So he can't be there—So I'll go sleep.—

Kingsf. So will I—I'll go to sleep too.

Coach. You lie, Devil—You shall not go to sleep till I am asleep—I am King of the Kitchen.

Kingsf. No, you are not King; but when you are drunk you are sulky as a Hell.—Here is Cooky coming—She is King and Queen too.

Enter Cook.

Cook. Some body has knocked at the Door twenty times, and nobody hears—Why Coachman—

Kingston—Ye drunken Bears, why don't one of you go to the Door?

Coach. You go Cook; you go—

Cook. Hang me, if I go—

Kingsf. Yes, yes, Cooky go; *Mollsy, Pollsy* go——

Cook. Out you Black Toad——It is none of my Business, and go I will not. *[Sits down.]*

Enter Philip with Lovel disguised.

Pbi. I might have staid at the Door all Night, as the little Man in the Play says, if I had not had the Key of the Door in my Pocket——What is come to you all?

Cook. There is *John* Coachman, and *Kingston*, as drunk as two Bears.

Pbi. Ah, hah! my Lads, what finish'd already? These are the very best of Servants——Poor Fellows, I suppose they have been drinking their Master's good Journey——ha, ha, ha.

Lov. No doubt on't.

[Aside.]

Pbi. Yo ho, get to bed, you Dogs, and sleep yourselves sober, that you may be able to get drunk again by-and-by——They are as fast as a Church——*Jemmy.*

Lov. Anon?

Pbi. Do you love drinking?

Lov. Yes.—I loves Ale.

Pbi.—You Dog, you shall swim in *Burgundy.*

Lov. *Burgundy?* what's that?

Pbi. Cook, wake those honest Gentlemen, and send them to bed.

Cook. It is impossible to wake them.

Lov. I think I could wake 'em, Sir, if I might——
Heh——

Pbi. Do *Jemmy*, wake 'em *Jemmy*——ha, ha, ha.

Lov. Hip.—Mr. Coachman. *[Gives him a Great Slap on the Face.]*

Coach. Oh! oh! What? Zounds! Oh! Damn you!——

Lov. What Blackey, Blackey. *[[Pulls him by the Nose.]*

Kingsf. Oh! oh!——What now! Curse you! Oh!——
Cot tam you.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha.

Pbi. Ha, ha, ha.—Well done *Jemmy.*——Cook, see those gentry to bed.

Cook. Marry come up, I say so too; not I indeed.—

Coach. She shan't see us to bed——We'll see ourselves to bed. *Kingsf.*

Kingsf. We got drunk together, and we'll go to bed together. [*Exeunt reeling.*]

Phil. You see how we live, Boy.

Low. Yes, I *sees* how you live——

Phil. Let the supper be elegant; Cook.

Cook. Who pays for it?

Phil. My Master to be sure: Who else? ha, ha, ha. He is rich enough, I hope, ha, ha, ha.

Low. Humph.

Phil. Each of us must take a Part, and sink it in our next weekly Bills; that is the Way. [*Aside.*]

Low. Soh!

Cook. Prithee *Philip*, what Boy is this? [*Aside.*]

Phil. A Boy of *Freeman's* recommending.

Low. Yes, I'm 'Squire *Freeman's* Boy,——Heh——

Cook. *Freeman* is a stingy Hound; and you may tell him I say so. He dines here three Times a Week, and I never saw the Colour of his Money yet.

Low. ha, ha, that is Good——*Freeman* shall have it.

Cook. I must step to the Tallow-Chandler's to dispose of some of my Perquisites; and then I'll set about Supper. [*Aside.*]

Phil. Well said, Cook, that is right, the Perquisite is the Thing, Cook.

Cook. *Cloe*, *Cloe*, where are you, *Cloe*.——[*Calls.*
Enter Cloe.]

Cloe. Yes, Mistress.——

Cook. Take that Box, and follow me. [*Exit.*]

Cloe. Yes, Mistress; [*Takes the Box.*]——Who is this? [*seeing Lovel.*] Hee, hee, hee, O chi!——This is pretty Boy——Hee, hee, hee.——Oh——This is pretty red Hair, hee, hee, hee——You shall be in love with me by-and-by——Hee, hee. [*Exit chucking*

Lovel under the Chin.

Low. A very pretty Amour. [*Aside.*] Oh la! What a fine Room is this——Is this the Dining Room, pray Sir?

Phil. No, our Drinking Room.

Low. La! la! What a fine Lady here is.——This is Madam, I suppose.

Enter Kitty.

Phil. Where have you been, *Kitty*?

Kit. I have been disposing of some of his Honour's Shirts, and other Linnen, which it is a Shame his Honour should wear any longer.———Mother *Barter* is above, and waits to know if you have any Commands for her.

Phil. I shall dispose of my Wardrobe to-morrow.

Kit. Who have we here? [*Lovel bows.*]

Phil. A Boy of *Freeman's*, a poor silly Fool.———

Lov. Thank you——— [*Afide.*]

Phil. I intend the Entertainment this Evening as a Compliment to you, *Kitty*.

Kit. I am your humble, Mr. *Philip*.

Phil. But I beg I may see none of your *Airs*, or hear any of your *French* Gibberish with the Duke.

Kit. Don't be jealous, *Phil.* [*Fawningly.*]

Phil. I intend, before our Marriage, to settle something handsome upon you; and with the five hundred Pounds which I have already saved in this extravagant Fellow's Family———

Lov. A Dog! [*Afide.*]———O la, la, what, have you got five hundred Pounds?

Phil. Peace, Blockhead———

Kit. I'll tell you what you shall do, *Phil.*

Phil. Aye, what shall I do?

Kit. You shall set up a Chocolate-house, my Dear——

Phil. Yes, and be cuckolded——— [*Apart.*]

Kit. You know my Education was a very genteel one——I was Half-boarder at *Chelsea*, and I speak *French* like a Native——*Comment vous porter vous, Mounseur.* [*Awkardly.*]

Phil. Psha! Psha!———

Kit. One is nothing without *French*——I shall shine in the Bar——Do you speak *French*, Boy?

Lov. Anon———

Kit. Anon———O the Fool! ha, ha, ha!——Come here, do and let me new mould you a little——you must be a good Boy, and wait upon the Gentlefolks to Night.

[*She ties and powders his Hair.*]

Lov.

Low. Yes, an't please you, I'll do my best.

Kit. His Best! O the Natural!—This is a strange Head of Hair of thine, Boy—It is so coarse, and so carrotty.

Low. All my Brothers and Sisters be red in the Pole.

Phil. Kit. Ha, ha, ha!— [Loud Laugh.

Kit. There—Now you are something like—Come, *Philip*, give the Boy a Lesson, and then I'll lecture him out of the *Servant's Guide*.

Phil. Come, Sir, first, Hold up your Head—very well—Turn out your Toes, Sir—very well—Now call Coach—

Low. What is call Coach?

Phil. Thus, Sir: Coach, Coach, Coach. [Loud.

Low. Coach, Coach, Coach. [Imitating.

Phil. Admirable! the Knave has a good Ear—Now, Sir, tell me a Lie.

Low. Oh la! I never told a Lie in all my Life.

Phil. Then it is high Time you should begin now; what is a Servant good for that can't tell a Lie?

Kit. And stand in it—Now I'll lecture him [Takes out a Book] This is *The Servant's Guide to Wealth*, by Timothy Shoulderknot, formerly Servant to several Noblemen, and now an Officer in the Customs. Necessary for all Servants.

Phil. Mind, Sir, what excellent Rules the Book contains, and remember them well—Come, *Kitty*, begin—

Kit. (Reads) Advice to the Footman:

“ Let it for ever be your Plan
“ To be the Master, not the Man,
“ And do—as little as you can.

Low. He, he, he!—Yes, I'll do nothing at all—not I.

Kit. “ At Market, never think it Stealing,
“ To keep with Tradesmen proper Dealing;
“ All Stewards have a Fellow-feeling.

Phil. You will understand that better one Day or other, Boy.

Kit.

H I G H L I F E

Kit. To the Groom:

" Never allow your Master able
 " To judge of Matters in the Stable.
 " If he should roughly speak his Mind,
 " Or to dismiss you seems inclin'd,
 " Lame the best Horse, or break his Wind. }

Lov. Oddines! that's good—he, he, he;

Kit. To the Coachman:

" If your good Master on you doats,
 " Ne'er leave his House to serve a Stranger,
 " But pocket Hay, and Straw, and Oats,
 " And let the Horses eat the Manger.

Lov. Eat the Manger; he, he, he!

Kit. I won't give you too much at a Time——Here, Boy, take the Book, and read it every Night and Morning before you say your Prayers.

Phil. Ha, ha, ha!——very good——But now for Business.

Kit. Right—I'll go and get out one of the Damask Table-cloths, and some Napkins; and be sure, *Phil.* your Side-board is very smart. [Exit.]

Phil. That it shall—Come, *Jemmy*—— [Exit.]

Lov. Soh!—It works well. [Exit.]

A C T II.

S C E N E, *The Servants Hall, with the Supper and Side-board set out.*

Philip, Kitty, and Lovel.

Kit. **W**ELL, *Phil.* what think you? Don't we look very smart?——Now let 'em come as soon as they will, we shall be ready for 'em.

Phil. 'Tis all very well; but——

Kit. But what?

Phil. Why, I wish we could get that snarling Cur, *Tom*, to mak one.

Kit. What is the matter with him?

Phil. I don't know——He's a queer Son of a——
Kit.

Kit. Oh, I know him; he is one of your sneaking half-bred Fellows, that prefers his Master's interest to his own.

Phil.——Here he is.

(*Enter Tom*)

—And why won't you make one to night, *Tom*?—Here's Cook and Coachman, and all of us.

Tom. I tell you again, I will not make one.

Phil. We shall have something that's good.

Tom. And make your Master pay for it.

Phil. I warrant, now, you think yourself mighty honest——Ha, ha, ha.

Tom. A little honestier than you, I hope, and not brag neither.

Kit. Harkyee, you Mr. Honesty, don't be saucy—

Low. This is worth listening to. [*Aside.*]

Tom. What, Madam, you are afraid for your Cully, are you?

Kit. Cully, Sirrah, Cully? Afraid, Sirrah, afraid of what? [*Goes up to Tom.*]

Phil. Ay, Sir, afraid of what?

[*Goes up on the other side.*]

Low. Ay, Sir, afraid of what? [*Goes up too.*]

Tom. I value none of you——I know your Tricks.

Phil. What do you know, Sirrah?

Kit. Ay, what do you know?

Low. Ay, Sir, what do you know?

Tom. I know that you two are in Fee with every Tradesman belonging to the House.——And that you, Mr. *Clodpole*, are in a fair Way to be hang'd.

[*Strikes Lovel.*]

Phil. What do you strike the Boy for?

Low. It is an honest Blow. [*Aside.*]

Tom. I'll strike him a again.——'Tis such as you that bring a Scandal upon us all.

Kit. Come, none of your Impudence, *Tom.*

Tom. Egad, Madam, the Gentry may well complain, when they get such Servants as you in their Houses.——There's your good Friend, Mother *Barter*, the old clothes Woman, the greatest Thief in Town, just

just now gone out with her Apron full of his Honour's Linen.

Kit. Well, Sir, and did you never——ha!

Tom. No, never: I have liv'd with his Honour four Years, and never took the Value of that [*Snapping his Fingers*]——His Honour is a Prince: gives noble Wages, and keeps noble Company, and yet you two are not contented, but cheat him wherever you can lay your Fingers.—Shame on you!——

Lov. The Fellow I thought a Rogue is the only honest Servant in my House. [*Aside.*]

Kit. Out you mealy mouth'd Cur!

Phil. Well, go tell his Honour, do——ha, ha, ha.

Tom. I scorn that—Damn an Informer!—but yet, I hope his Honour will find you two out, one Day or other—That's all.—— [*Exit.*]

Kit. This Fellow must be taken care of.

Phil. I'll do his Business for him, when his Honour comes to Town.

Lov. You lie you Scoundrel, you will not. [*Aside.*]
——O la, here is a fine Gentleman.

Enter Duke's Servant.

Duke. Ah! ma chere Mademseille! Comment vous portez vous? [*Salute.*]

Kit. Fort bien, je vous remercier, Monsieur.

Phil. Now we shall have Nonsense by wholesale.

Duke. How do you do, *Philip*?

Phil. Your Grace's humble Servant.

Duke. But my dear *Kitty*—— [*Talk apart.*]

Phil. *Jemmy.*

Lov. Anon?

Phil. Come along with me, and I will make you free of the Cellar.

Lov. Yes—I will—But won't you ask *be* to drink?

Phil. No, no; he will have his Share by and by.——
Come along.

Lov. Yes.

[*Exeunt Philip and Lovel.*]

Kit. Indeed I thought your Grace an Age in coming.

Duke. Upon Honour, our House is but this Moment
up

up.—You have a damn'd vile Collection of Pictures I observe, above Stairs, *Kitty*——Your 'Squire has no Taste.——

Kit. No Taste? That's impossible, for he has laid out a vast deal of Money.

Duke. There is not an original Picture in the whole Collection. Where could he pick 'em up?

Kit. He employs three or four Men to buy for him, and he always pays for Originals.

Duke. Donnez moi votre Eau de Luce—My Head aches confoundedly [*She gives a smelling Bottle.*]—

Kitty, my dear, I hear you are going to be married—

Kit. Pardonnez moi, for that.——

Duke. If you get a Boy, I'll be Godfather, Faith.—

Kit. How you rattle, *Duke*!—I am thinking, my Lord, when I had the Honour to see you last.

Duke. At the Play, Mademoiselle.——

Kit. Your Grace loves a Play?

Duke. No—It is a dull old-fashioned Entertainment—I hate it.—

Kit. Well, give me a good Tragedy.

Duke. It must not be a modern one then—You are devilish handsome, *Kate*—Kiss me—*Offers to kiss her.*

Enter Sir Harry's Servant.

Sir Har. Oh ho, are you thereabouts, my Lord *Duke*? That may do very well by and by—However you'll never find me behind hand. [*Offers to kiss her.*

Duke. Stand off, you are a Commoner—Nothing under Nobility approaches *Kitty*.

Sir Har. You are so devilish proud of your Nobility—Now I think we have more true Nobility than you—Let me tell you, Sir, a Knight of the Shire——

Duke. A Knight of the Shire! ha, ha, ha! a mighty Honour, truly, to represent all the Fools in the County.

Kit. O lud! this is charming to see two Noblemen quarrel.

Sir Har. Why any Fool may be born to a Title, but only a wise Man can make himself honourable.

Kit. Well said, *Sir Harry*, this is good *Morillity*.

Duke. I hope you make some Difference between Hereditary

editary Honours and the Huzzas of a Mob.

Kit. Very smart, my Lord—Now, Sir *Harry*——

Sir Har. If you make use of your Hereditary Honours to screen you from Debt——

Duke. Zounds! Sir, what do you mean by that?

Kit. Hold, hold, I shall have some fine old Noble Blood spilt here—Ha' done, Sir *Harry*——

Sir Har. Not I——Why he is always valuing himself upon his Upper House.

Duke. We have Dignity. [Slow.]

Sir Har. But what becomes of your Dignity if we refuse the Supplies? [Quick.]

Kit. Peace, Peace—Here's Lady *Bab*——

(*Enter Lady Bab's Servant in a Chair.*)

Dear Lady *Bab*——

Lady Bab. Mrs. *Kitty*, your Servant—I was afraid of taking cold, and so ordered the Chair down Stairs. Well, and how do you do?—My Lord *Duke*, your Servant—and Sir *Harry* too—your's.

Duke. Your Ladyship's devoted——

Lady Bab. I am afraid I have trespassed in Point of Time—[*Looks on her Watch*]—But I got into my favourite Author.

Duke. Yes, I found her Ladyship at her Studies this Morning—Some wicked Poem——

Lady Bab. Oh you Wretch!—I never read but one Book.

Kit. What is your Ladyship so fond of?

Lady Bab. *Shikspur*. Did you never read *Shikspur*?

Kit. *Shikspur*? *Shikspur*?—Who wrote it?—No, never read *Shikspur*.

Lady Bab. 'Then you have an immense Pleasure to come.

Kit. Well then, I'll read it over one Afternoon or other.—Here's Lady *Charlotte*.——

(*Enter Lady Charlotte's Maid in a Chair.*)

—Dear Lady *Charlotte*.)

Lady Char. Oh, Mrs. *Kitty*, I thought I never should have reach'd your House—Such a Fit of the Cholic seiz'd me—Oh, Lady *Bab*, how long has your Ladyship

ship been here?—My Chairmen were such Drones—
My Lord Duke, the Pink of all good Breeding.

Duke. Oh Mam—

[*Bowing.*

Lady Char. And Sir *Harry*—Your Servant, Sir *Harry*.

[*Formally.*

Sir Har. Madam, your Servant—I am sorry to hear
your Ladyship has been ill——

Lady Char. You must give me leave to doubt the
Sincerity of that Sorrow, Sir,—Remember the *Park*—

Sir Har. The *Park*? I'll explain that Affair, Madam.

Lady Char. I want none of your Explanations.

[*Scornfully.*

Sir Har. Dear Lady *Charlotte*!—

Lady Char. No, Sir; I have observ'd your Coolness
of late, and despise you—A trumpery Baronet!

Sir Har. I see how it is; nothing will satisfy you but
Nobility—That sly Dog the Marquis—

Lady Char. None of your Reflections, Sir,—The Mar-
quis is a Person of Honour, and above enquiring after a
Lady's Fortune, as you meanly did.

Sir Har. I—I—Madam?—I scorn such a thing
—I assure you, Madam, I never—That is to say—
Egad I am confounded—My Lord Duke, what shall I
say to her—Pray help me out—

[*Aside.*

Duke. Ask her to shew her Legs—Ha, ha, ha. [*Aside.*

Enter Philip and Lovel, loaded with Bottles.

Pbi. Here, my little Peer—Here is Wine that will
ennoble your Blood—Both your Ladyships most humble
Servant.

Lovel. (Affecting to be drunk.)

Both your Ladyships most humble Servant —

Kit. Why, *Philip*, you have made the Boy drunk.

Pbi. I have made him free of the Cellar. Ha, ha, ha.

Lov. Yes, I am free—I am very free.—

Pbi. He has had a Smack of every Sort of Wine,
from humble Port to Imperial Tokay.—

Lov. Yes, I have been drinking *Kokay*.

Kit. Go, get you some Sleep, Child, that you may
wait on his Lordship by-and-by.

Lov. Thank you, Madam—I will certainly wait on
their

their Lordships and their Ladyships too. [*Aside, and Exit.*]

Phil. Well, Ladies, what say you to a Dance, and then to Supper? Have you had your Tea?

All. A Dance, a Dance—No Tea—No Tea.

Phil. Here, fidler (*calls*) I have provided a very good Hand, you see.

Enter Fidler, with a wooden Leg.

Sir Har. Not so well legg'd, Mr. *Philip*.

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Duke. Le drole!—Harkye, Mr.—which Leg do you beat Time with?

All. Ha, ha, ha.

[*Loud Laugh.*]

Sir Har. What can you play, Domine?

Fid. Any thing, an't please your Honour, from a Jig to a Sonata.

Phil. Come here—Where are all our People? [*Enter Coachman, Cook, Kingston, Cloe.*] I'll couple you—My Lord Duke will take *Kitty*—Lady *Bab* will do me the Honour of her Hand; *Sir Harry* and Lady *Charlotte*—Coachman and Cook, and the two Devils dance together—Ha, ha, ha.

Duke. With Submission, the Country Dances by-and-by.

Lady Char. Ay, ay; *French* Dances before Supper, and Country Dances after—I beg the Duke and Mrs. *Kitty* may give you a Minuet.

Duke. Dear Lady *Charlotte*, consider my poor Gout—*Sir Harry* will oblige us. [*Sir Harry bows.*]

All.—Minuet, *Sir Harry*—Minuet, *Sir Harry*—

Fid. What Minuet would your Honours please to have?

Kit. What Minuet?—Let me see—Play. *Marshal* Thing gumbob's Minuet.

[*A Minuet by Sir Harry and Kitty, awkward and conceited.*]

Lady Char. Mrs. *Kitty* dances sweetly.

Phil. And *Sir Harry* delightfully.

Duke. Well enough for a Commoner.

Phil.

Phil. Come now to Supper—A Gentleman and a Lady—Here, Fidler [*gives Money*] Wait without.

Fid. Yes, an't please your Honour. [*Exit with a Tankard.*]

[*They sit down.*]

Phil. We will set the Wine on the Table—Here is Claret, Burgundy, and Champagne, and a Bottle of Tokay for the Ladies—There are Tickets on every Bottle—If any Gentleman chuses Port—

Duke. Port?—'Tis only fit for a Dram.

Kit. Lady *Bab*, what shall I send you?—Lady *Charlotte*, pray be free; the more free, the more welcome, as they say in my country—The Gentlemen will be so good as to take care of themselves. [*A pause.*]

Duke. Lady *Charlotte*, "Hob or Nob!"

Lady *Char.* Done, my Lord—In Burgundy, if you please.

Duke. Here's your Sweetheart and mine, and the Friends of the Company. [*They drink. A pause.*]

Phi. Come, Ladies and Gentlemen, a Bumper all round—I have a Health for you—"Here is to the "Amendment of our Masters and Mistresses."

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. [*Loud Laugh. A Pause.*]

Kit. Ladies, pray what is your Opinion of a single Gentleman's Service?

Lady *Char.* Do you mean an *old* single Gentleman?

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. [*Loud Laugh.*]

Phil. My Lord Duke, your Toast.

Duke. Lady *Betty*—

Phi. Oh no—A Health and a Sentiment.

Duke. A Health and a Sentiment?—No, no, let us have a Song—Sir *Harry* your Song.—

Sir *Har.* Would you have it—Well then—Mrs. *Kitty*, we must call upon you—Will you honour my Muse?

All. A Song, a Song, ay, ay, Sir *Harry's* Song—Sir *Harry's* Song.—

Duke. A Song to be sure,—but first,—Preludio—
C 2 Kisses

[*Kisses Kitty.*] Pray Gentlemen put it about.

[*Kisses round*——Kingston *kisses* Cloe *heartily.*

Sir Har. See how the Devils kiss!

Kit. I am really hoarse; but—Hem—I must clear up my Pipes—Hem—This is Sir Harry's Song; being a new Song, entitled and called,

The Fellow Servant, or All in a Livery.

[*Kitty Sings.*]

I.

*Come here Fellow Servant, and listen to me,
I'll shew you how those of superior Degree
Are only Dependants, no better than we.*

Chorus. *Both high and low in this do agree,
'Tis here Fellow Servant,
And there Fellow Servant,
And all in a Livery.*

II.

*See yonder fine Spark in Embroidery drest,
Who bows to the Great, and if they smile, is blest;
What is he? I faith, but a Servant at best.*

Cho. *Both high, &c.*

III.

*Nature made all alike, no Distinction she craves,
Some laugh at the great World, its Fools and its Knaves,
For we are all Servants, but they are all Slaves.*

Cho. *Both high, &c.*

IV.

*The fat shining Glutton looks up to the Shelf,
The wrinkled lean Miser bows down to his Pelf,
And the curstated Beau is a Slave to himself.*

Cho. *Both high, &c.*

V.

*The gay sparkling Belle, who the whole Town alarms,
And with Eyes, Lips, and Neck, sets the Smarts all in
Arms,*

Is a Vassal herself, a mere Drudge to her Charms.

Cho. *Both high, &c.*

VI.

Then we'll drink like our Betters, and laugh, sing, and love;

*And when sick of one Place, to another we'll move,
For with Little and Great, the best Joy is to rove.*

Chorus. *Both high and low, in this do agree,
That 'tis here Fellow Servant,
And there Fellow Servant,
And all in a Livery.*

Phil. How do you like it, my Lord Duke?

Duke. It is a damn'd vile Composition——

Phil. How so?

Duke. O very low! Very low indeed.

Sir Har. Can you make a better?

Duke. I hope so.

Sir Har. That is very conceited.

Duke. What is conceited, you Scoundrel?

Sir Har. Scoundrel! You are a Raical—I'll pull you by the Nose. *[All rise.]*

Duke. Look ye, Friend, don't give yourself Airs, and make a Disturbance among the Ladies.—If you are a Gentleman, name your Weapons.

Sir Har. Weapons! What you will—Pistols—

Duke. Done—Behind Montague House—

Sir Har. Done—With Seconds.

Duke. Done——

Phil. Oh for Shame, Gentlemen—My Lord Duke!
—Sir Harry, the Ladies! he! *[Duke and Sir Harry
affecting to sing.]*

A violent Knocking.

Phil. What the Devil can that be, Kitty?

Kit. Who can it possibly be?

Phil. Kingston, run up Stairs and peep *[Ex Kingston]*
It sounds like my Master's Rap—Pray Heaven it is not he!—*[Enter Kingston]* Well Kingston, what is it?

Kingst. It is Master and Mr. Freeman—I peep'd thro' the Key-Hole, and saw them by the Lamp Light—*Tom.*
has just let them in. — *Phil.*

Phil. The Devil he has? What can have brought him back!

Kit. No matter what—Away with the Things.—

Phil. Away with the Wine—Away with the Plate—
Here Coachman, Cook, *Cloe*, *Kingston*, bear a Hand—
Out with the Candles—Away, away.

[*They carry away the Table, &c.*

Visitors. What shall we do? what shall we do?

[*They all run about in Confusion.*

Kit. Run up Stairs, Ladies.

Phil. No, no, no.—He'll see you then—

Sir Har. What the Devil had I to do here!

Duke. Pox take it, face it out.

Sir Har. Oh no; these *West-Indians* are very fiery.

Phil. I would not have him see any of you for the World.

Lov. [*without.*] *Philip*—Where's *Philip*.

Phil. Oh the Devil! he's certainly coming down Stairs
—*Sir Harry*, run down into the Cellar—My Lord Duke,
get into the Pantry—Away, away.

Kit. No, no; do you put their Ladyships into the
Pantry, and I'll take his Grace into the Coal hole.

Vis. Any where, any where—Up the Chimney if
you will.

Phil. There—in with you. [*They all run into the
Pantry.*

Lov. [*without.*] *Philip*—*Philip*—

Phil. Coming, Sir,—[*Aloud.*]—*Kitty*, have you never
a good Book to be reading of?

Kit. Yes; here is one.

Phil. Egad, this is Black Monday with us—Sit down
—Seem to read your Book—Here he is, as drunk as a
Piper—

[*They sit down.*

Enter Lovel with Pistols, affecting to be drunk, Freeman following.

Lov. *Philip*, the Son of *Alexander* the Great, where
are all my Myrmidons?—What the Devil makes you up
so early this Morning?

Phil.

Phil. He is very drunk indeed—[*Aside.*]—Mrs. Kitty and I had got into a good Book, your Honour.——

Free. Ay, ay, they have been well employed, I dare say—ha, ha, ha.

Low. Come, sit down, *Freeman*,—Lie you there, [*Lays his Pistols down.*] I come a little unexpectedly, perhaps, *Philip*.——

Phil. A good Servant is never afraid of being caught, Sir,——

Low. I have some Accounts that I must settle.——

Phil. Accounts, Sir! to Night?

Low. Yes; to night—I find myself perfectly clear—you shall see I'll settle them in a twinkling.

Phil. Your Honour will go into the Parlour?

Low. No, I'll settle 'em all here.

Kit. Your Honour must not sit here.——

Low. Why not?

Kit. You will certainly take Cold, Sir; the Room has not been washed above an Hour.

Low. What a cursed Lie that is! [*Aside.*

Duke. Philip.——*Philip.*——*Philip.* [*Peeping out.*

Phil. Pox take you!—Hold your Tongue.—[*Aside.*

Free. You have just nick'd them in the very Minute.

[*Aside to Lovel.*

Low. I find I have—Mum—[*Aside to Freeman*] Get some Wine *Philip*—[*Exit Philip*]—Tho' I must eat something before I drink—*Kitty*, what have you got in the Pantry?

Kit. In the Pantry? Lard, your Honour! We are at Board Wages.——

Free. I could eat a Morfel of cold Meat.

Lo. You shall have it—Here—[*Rises*]—Open the Pantry Door—I'll be about your Board Wages!—I have treated you often, now you shall treat your Master.

Kit. If I may be believed, Sir, there is not a Scrap of any Thing in the World in the Pantry. [*Opposing him.*

Low. Well, then we must be contented, *Freeman*.—Let us have a Crust of Bread and a Bottle of Wine.

Kit.

[Sits down again.]

Kit. Sir, had not my Master better go to bed.——

[Makes Signs to Freeman that Lovel is drunk.]

Lov. Bed! Not I——I'll sit here all Night——

'Tis very pleasant; and nothing like Variety in Life.——

Sir Harry (Peeping.) Mrs. Kitty, Mrs. Kitty——

Kit. Peace, on your Life. [Aside.]

Lov. Kitty, what Voice is that?

Kit. Nobody's, Sir.——Hem——

(Philip brings Wine.)

Lov. Soh——Very well——Now do you two march off——
march off, I say.——Phil. We can't think of leaving your Honour——For
egad if we do, we are undone. [Aside.]Lov. Begone——My Service to you Freeman,——This
is good Stuff.——

Free. Excellent. [Somebody in the Pantry sneezes.]

Kit. We are undone; undone. [Aside.]

Phil. Oh! That is the Duke's damn'd Rappee. [Aside.]

Lov. Didn't you hear a Noise, Charles?

Free. Somebody sneez'd, I thought.

Lov. Damn it! There are Thieves in the House——I'll
be among 'em—— [Takes a Pistol.]Kit. Lack-a-day, Sir, it was only the Cat——They
sometimes sneeze for all the World like a Christian——
Here, Jack, Jack——He has got a Cold, Sir,——Puffs,——
Puffs.——Lov. A Cold? Then I'll cure him——Here Jack, Jack,
——Puffs, Puffs.——Kit. Your Honour won't be so rash——Pray your Ho-
nour, don't.—— [Opposing.]Lov. Stand off——Here Freeman——Here's a Barrel for
Business, with a Brace of Slugs, and well prim'd, as you
see——Freeman——I'll hold you five to four——Nay, I'll
hold you two to one, I hit the Cat thro' the Key-hole
of that Pantry Door——

Free. Try, try, but I think it impossible.——

Lov. I am a damn'd good Marksman. [Cocks the Pis-
tol, and points it at the Pantry Door.]——Now for it!

A

[*A violent Sbrick, and all is discovered.*] Who the Devil are all these? One,—two,—three,—four.——

Phil. They are particular Friends of mine, Sir, Servants to some Noblemen in the Neighbourhood.

Low. I told you there were Thieves in the House.

Free. Ha, ha, ha.

Phil. I assure your Honour they have been entertained at our own Expence, upon my Word.

Kit. Yes, indeed, your Honour, if it was the last Word I had to speak.——

Low. Take up the Bottle———[*Philip takes up a Bottle with a Ticket to it, and is going off.*]———
Bring it back—Do you usually entertain your Company with Tokay, Monsieur?

Phil. I, Sir, treat with Wine!

Low. O yes, from humble Port to imperial Tokay too.
[*Mimicking himself.*]

Phil. How!—*Jemmy* my Master!

Kit. *Jemmy*! the Devil!——

Phil. Your Honour is at present in liquor—But in the Morning, when your Honour is recovered, I will set all to rights again——

Lowel (*Changing his Countenance, and turning his Wig.*) We'll set all to rights now—There, I am sober, at your Service—What have you to say, *Philip*? [*Philip starts.*] You may well start—Go, get out of my Sight.

Duke. Sir—I have not the Honour to be known to you, but I have the Honour to serve his Grace the Duke of——

Low. And the Impudence familiarly to assume his Title—Your Grace will give me leave to tell you, “That” “is, the Door”—and if you ever enter there again, I assure you, my Lord Duke, I will break every Bone in your Grace's Skin—Begone—I beg their Ladyship's Pardon, perhaps they cannot go without Chairs——
Ha, ha, ha.

Free. Ha, ha, ha.

Duke. Low bred Fellows!

[*Sir Harry steals off.*]

[*Exit.*]

Lady

Lady *Charl.* I thought how this Visit would turn out.

[*Exit.*

Lady *Bab.* They are downright *Hottenpots.* [*Exit.*

Philip and Kitty.

I hope your Honour will not take away our Bread.

Low. "Five hundred Pounds will set you up in a
"Chocolate House—You'll shine in the Bar, Madam"
—I have been an Eye-witness of your Roguery, Extravagance, and Ingratitude.

Philip and Kitty.

Oh, Sir!——Good, Sir!

Low. You, Madam, may stay here till To-morrow Morning——And there, Madam, is the Book you lent me, which I beg you'll read "Night and Morning" before you say your Prayers."

Kit. I am ruin'd and undone.—— [*Exit.*

Low. But you, Sir, for your Villainy, and (what I hate worse) your Hypocrisy, shall not stay a Minute longer in this House; and here comes an honest Man to shew you the Way out—Your Keys, Sir.——

[*Philip gives Keys.*

Enter Tom.

——*Tom,* I respect and value you—You are an honest Servant, and shall never want Encouragement—Be so good, *Tom,* as to see that Gentleman out of my House [*Points to Philip*]—and then take charge of the Cellar and Plate.

Tom. I thank your Honour; but I would not rise on the Ruin of a Fellow-servant.

Low. No Remonstrances, *Tom*; it shall be as I say.—

Phil. What a cursed Fool have I been? [*Exeunt Servants.*

Low. Well, *Charles,* I must thank you for my Frolick—It has been a wholesome one to me—Have I done right?

Free. Entirely—No Judge could have determined better—As you punish'd the bad, it was but Justice to reward the good.——

Low. A faithful Servant is a worthy Character.

Free.

Free. And can never receive too much Encouragement.

Low. Right.

Free. You have made *Tom* very happy.

Low. And I intend to make your *Robert* so too—
Every honest Servant should be made happy.

Free. But what an insufferable Piece of Assurance is it in some of these Fellows to affect and imitate their Master's Manners?

Low. What Manners must those be, which they can imitate?

Free. True.

Low. If Persons of Rank would act up to their Standard, it would be impossible that their Servants could ape them——But when they affect every thing that is ridiculous, it will be in the Power of any low Creature to follow their Example.

The E N D.





